

INCREASE OF GAMBLING.

Various city and county officials and one private citizen, Mr. Frank Farrell, yesterday made interesting contributions to the public stock of knowledge and inference about gambling. Mr. Farrell, credited with being the proprietor of a palatial gambling-house around the corner from the Waldorf, denied the allegation. District-Attorney Jerome announced that with the fall season he would begin a new crusade against gambling-houses. "I am aware," said he, "that there are a great many more crooked gambling places in existence now than there were when I began my political campaign or before that time." Col. Partridge said: "Of course, there is gambling and always will be. I shall go about the suppression of gambling in my own way." Capt. Sheehan said: "There is less gambling here than ever before. The stories were started out of spite with the intent of injuring me."

Characteristic utterances all! Can you not hear the axe crashing through clubroom doors? Can you not see the elderly Colonel suppressing gambling "in his own way"? Who was it that was shouting from the stump nine months ago, "Elect me and put an end to black-mail and Deveryism"? Who was saying, "Put me in office and I will close up the gambling-houses and put out the red lights"? Yet here are the admissions of prominent officials that conditions are worse than they were. Mr. Jerome, indeed, knows of a police captain "seen to take money in saloons from saloon-keepers." That is a practice that was to have been ended once for all on Jan. 1 last.

The Larger Part.—The way to deal with the trusts, says the President is to "destroy the evil in them." The destruction of the evil in some of them will leave nothing to preserve.

NOT NEW YORK.

With the coming of September, back with the oysters come the summer vacationists. Those of them who have been away two months will not recognize the city they left. From whichever side they approach the view, rather the obstruction to the view, will be strange and unfamiliar.

The one distinguishing trait of New York, the one distinction which raised it above all other great civilized cities was its clear, pure air, its blue sky above, its long perspectives of street and river, its clean-cut outlines of buildings, walls and roofs and towers, which made it a beautiful city.

Instead of all this the returning New Yorker sees his fair city hidden by a cloud of smoke, a melancholy testimony to the power of corporate greed and to the depth of corporate indifference to the public welfare.

Noise Drove Him to Death.—A Seventh avenue hotel guest, unable to sleep because of the incessant noise made by subway excavations, shot himself fatally yesterday. He is described as "a fine-looking man of forty-two." The noisiest of cities was never so noisy as now and the nerve specialist never so prosperous.

THE "SYSTEM."

Explaining the lack of school room for the children entitled to the full benefit of our public schools, President Burlington, of the Board of Education, says: "Under the present system it takes nearly two years to complete a public school building. The great downtown buildings are put up in half that time."

Would it not be possible for the eminent gentlemen who make up the municipal government of New York to get together and abolish the present system and substitute for it a system of merely ordinary efficiency? Have we not had enough of a "system" of school building which effectively prevents the building of schools? And how long shall we have to wait for the change?

A Surprise for His Honor.—Returning to municipal cares after his vacation Mayor Low will be surprised and grieved to learn from this morning's papers that gambling flourishes unchecked after eight months of a reform administration.

MISTAKEN LENIENCY.

Lieut. Henry Watterson, Jr., of the Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, the unworthy son of an honored and distinguished father, having duplicated his pay accounts, has been allowed to refund the amount of which he had defrauded the Government and to resign instead of standing trial by court-martial, as he should have done if he had been the son of a nobody.

The fact of the father's prominence is one of the very strongest reasons why the son should have been made to stand up and take his punishment like a man. It is impossible to conceive of any official action more completely subversive of all military discipline and efficiency than this public admission that the penalties of the court-martial do not apply to the favored class of offenders.

The Trust Limit.—The failure of the Bicycle Trust with \$30,000,000 of capital, mostly water, shows that there is a limit to the inflation of trust stocks.

FALL SEASON PROSPECTS.

The summer is over, the theatres are opening, the nudist houses are crowded and Jerome has resumed his nocturnal perambulations of the Tenderloin. The fall season may be said to be on. After a busy autumn preparing for and executing the raid on the William E. Reilly Association's club-house, in East Eighty-fourth street, the District-Attorney dined, and then began an old-time personal reconnaissance of the white-light district. Accompanied by his secretary he inspected the Devery pump, where history is a-making, and then walked north and east to the house in Thirty-third street recently reported to be Farrell's new gambling palace, but declared by Capt. Sheehan to be not so and the declaration indorsed by Farrell. After watching the vine-leaf mansion for a space of ten minutes Mr. Jerome and his companion went to a Sixth avenue chop-house for supper.

Seasons come and go and the old is again the new. It seems only yesterday, though it was last spring, that the District-Attorney was rambling by night through those haunts dear to his official heart, and here he is at it again. We are promised an entertaining winter. When Mr. Jerome has become sufficiently familiar with the changes that have taken place in the Tenderloin within a vacation season we shall doubtless have a renewal of the spectacular activity of his campaign against vice.

The Funny Side of Life.

THE TENDERLOIN'S DELUDED CAPTAIN.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

APPROPRIATE.
Johnny's father was a parson.
Johnny cherished a taste for arson.
Papa's sermons he burned in a joke.
And the neighbors shouted, "Holy smoke!"

IN JUVENILE PARLANCE.
"When a top is spinning fastest why do they say it's asleep?"
"They probably mean fast asleep."

A MODERN INSTANCE.
"What do you suppose the famous Floating Gardens of Venice were like?"
"Something like a roof garden on a rainy night, I guess."

APPROPRIATE MUSIC.
Miss Sereleaf—What would you suggest, dear, for music at my wedding?
Miss Caustique—Well, Gottschalk's "Last Hope" is very pretty.

INS AND OUTS.
He's just a rank outsider
When he gambles on the turf,
But he's distinctly "in the swim"
When he essays on the surf.

BORROWED JOKES.

A WASTE OF BREATH.
Miss Kulcher—You can always tell a woman who has enjoyed the benefits of higher education.
Mr. Crabbe—Not much! You can't tell her anything; she thinks she knows it all.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.
"I see that Mr. Schwab needs a little iron for his blood."
"I hope he can get it of the trust at a special rate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE REAL TROUBLE.
"It's useless to worry," remarked the long-haired passenger. "A man should be satisfied with what he has."
"Oh, I'm satisfied with what I have," replied the red-nosed man across the aisle. "It's what I haven't that causes most of my dissatisfaction."—Chicago Daily News.

A GOOD MANAGER.
Simpson—Young's wife is certainly a good manager.
Simpson—Of household affairs?
Simpson—No, of Young.—Baltimore News.

SOMEBODIES.

ALLEN, WALTER N.—millionaire farmer, of Jefferson County, Kan., is "easy." He says he will spend \$10,000 to be elected to Congress if the fusionists nominate him.

BOND, SIR ROBERT—Premier of Newfoundland, predicts that the Atlantic will soon be crossed in forty-four hours, and that the trip from New York to London can be made in 100 hours.

HOBSON, JOHN ATKINSON—no relation to the kisser, is coming from England to lecture to us on economics and literature.

VAN LEW, MISS LIZZIE—who showed great kindness to Union prisoners in Richmond, is buried at Shocks Hill Cemetery there, and a boulder of granite from the Massachusetts State House grounds has been placed over her grave.

ALONE.

She had not any word to say—
There was no one who stood by her;
For one misstep in life's young day,
When love had seemed so good to her,
She walked from all the world apart,
And kept her grief locked in her heart—
A comrade dear seemed memory.
So all alone walks she.
But sang the blackbird in the brake,
It seemed his song was made for her;
And all along the calm blue lake
The lilies pure were laid for her.
The honeysuckle in the dew
Around her door its fragrance threw.
The swan loam by her side would lead,
And white doves there would feed.
I dream the Christ of Galilee,
Who on the dread cross died for her,
When near to death her steps shall be,
The gate will open wide for her.
That angel hands will draw her in,
And lock without the old-time sin.
And on her brow again will press
Her lost youth's happiness.
—Cora A. Matson Dolsen, in Era.

Child Is of Parents' Nationality.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A child is born on the water two days out from New York. His parents are German, but he is born under the British flag. To what flag would that child look for protection? A bet is that the boy would look to the German flag; B bets the British.
EUREKA.
New Brunswick, N. J.

The Truth Not Necessary.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In looking over your valuable paper I saw an article signed "Motorman" complaining about having to get a job on the railroad. The writer of this is a conductor and has been up against all of the things that seem to bother "Mo-

The wonderful house
Frank Farrell's built,
With marble stairs
And walls of gilt.

Will echo soon
With the merry turn
Of the roulette wheel
And the keno urn.

Every one knows
This house was built
For knights who, nights,
With fortune tilt.

The lawless lines
On which 'twill run
Are known to all
New York—save one.

One man is not
Its purpose seen.
Who can be foolin'
Captain Sheehan?

TERRIBLE.



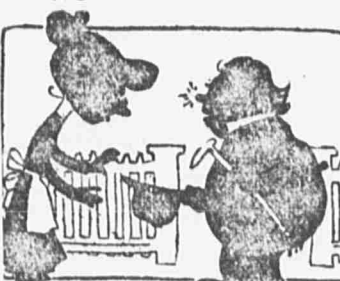
Tattered Tompkins—Oh, I just had such a horrid dream!
Wise Wacker—Well, you oughter had, if you will go to sleep on a lot of 'want ads all about work.'

SUSPICIOUS.



She—I really do believe that young man is following me!

NOTHING DOING.



Homely Hank—Wey, of course I'd work if I could find work at me trade, mum.
Loony—And what is your trade?
Homely Hank—I'm er dog waiter. I shoon flys often dese hairless Mexican dogs, mum.

ALL CLEAR NOW.



Man—Here, boy, what do you mean by yelling "Extra! Extra! Horrible confession!" I bought a paper and there's nothing of the kind in it.
Boy—Well, if you'd ast me I'd 'a confessed dat it wuz er fake extry. Dat's wot I meant.

GOOD DEFENSE.



Manager—Look out fir um, Kid. He's got a new blow fer ter try on ye.
Pugilist—Well, wot of it? Haven't we got nine new synonyms all ready to explain how it happened?

RIGHT IN THE NECK.



Fields O'Green—An' I sez to her, kind o' pitiful, that I don't know where to lay my head.
Walkie Onne—An' wot did she say?
Fields O'Green—She says "Go lay it on the railroad track."

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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Now, in the first place, most

of the railroad bosses have been either motormen or conductors and they know what the "game" is, and they surely don't expect a man to tell the truth about himself for ten years, because if he did he would never get the job. Tell them that you just left the "farm" or something like that and you will come out O. K. Ask any old railroad about this.

No Small Change at P. O.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to know when the United States Post-Office has refused to sell postage stamps to persons on presenting legal tender for same. The other evening I went to purchase a book

of stamps at one of the uptown

branches, and on presenting a \$2 bill (which seemingly was too large for the official in charge to change) had the same returned to me with these words: "I can't give them to you. I have but a dollar's worth of nickels." A fine public system this, as if change could not be gotten.

Just to Show We Can Do It—\$0.42.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Extract the square root of 650.
BLOCKHEAD.

A Fellow Soldier of "Butch"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I see by the Kansas City Star that Charles H. Thompson, better known as "Butch" Thompson, of Saratoga, N. Y.,

died a few days ago. Mr. Thompson

and I served as soldiers during the civil war in First Battalion, Thirteenth United States Infantry. Mr. Thompson belonged to Company F. He had a good discharge from the regiment at Fort Ellis, Mont. He was liked by all of the regiment. I am sorry to hear of his death.
GEORGE VOGEL.
El Paso, Tex.

Citizens' Papers Necessary.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Belong now over twenty-one years of age. I was thinking of taking out citizenship papers, but I was informed it was not necessary as I was only nine months old when I came to America, but I think this is wrong, as my father was not a citizen. Must I take out papers?
E. H. FESSLER.
No. 222 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

ODDITY CORNER.

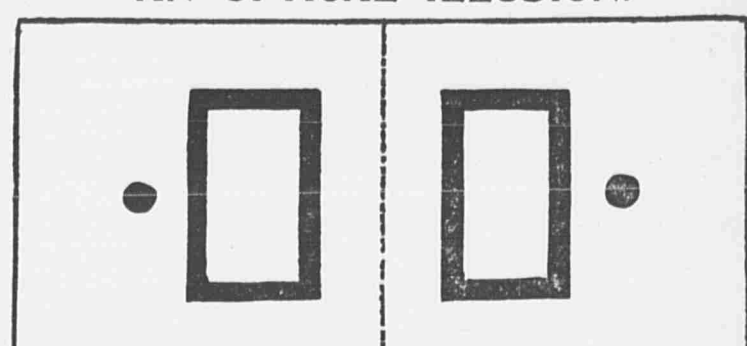
NIPA TREE.

It is well known that the palm-like nipa tree of tropical Asia has a sap exceedingly rich in sugar, but so salty that its utilization has not been found profitable.

LONG DOG TRIP.

Dr. E. M. Koonce, a missionary at Rampart, Alaska, drove 1,200 miles in a dog sled on his way to attend the Presbyterian anniversary held in New York recently.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



MAHOGANY HUNTERS.

In Central and South America the revenues of many districts depend on the skill and activity of the mahogany hunters, says the Chicago News. Mahogany trees do not grow in groups; much less are there whole forests of them. They are scattered, usually concealed in thickets. It requires skill and experience to find them. To fell a tree involves the work of two men for a whole day. On account of a thick, thorny growth near the base of the tree a scaffold is erected around it, and above this, at a height of from ten to fifteen feet, the tree is cut, so that the best part is really lost. The felled tree is then freed of branches and hauled on a rough wagon by oxen to the nearest river, where rafts are made and floated down.

SNAKES BY THE POUND.

"I'll take two pounds of snakes, please." That is what one may hear at certain shops in Klamath Falls, a town in Oregon, where there is quite an extensive industry in snakes. Children gather their aprons full of snakes as they would of wild flowers. The species of watersnake so plentiful at Klamath Falls is of a dark color, and when full grown about three feet long. They are used for medicinal purposes, as a superior quality of oil can be manufactured from this variety.—Pearson's Weekly.

TRY THIS.



WHEW!

Diamonds are worth \$300,000,000 a ton. Remember this and don't pay a cent more.

THE LINCOLN TREATMENT.

Abraham Lincoln and an Illinois farmer had long been friends, and the latter had written an everyday sort of letter in which he said, among other things, that he had been poor in health. Out in Illinois they are able to this day to quote what is called "Lincoln's prescription," sent to the farmer in reply by the President.
"Do not worry," it read. "Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of billousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

BALANCING PAPER.

After a few unsuccessful attempts the performer succeeds in balancing a long strip of paper. He would have spent hours at it and never done the trick, as the paper would fall off his finger in a shape like the first cut in a certain little trick were not known to him. He solved the question in a jiffy. He secretly bends the strip of paper along the middle and the strip will stand erect.

RUBBER BOOTS AND 69 OTHER THINGS MADE FROM CORN.

SOME OF THE PRODUCTS OF A GRAIN OF CORN.

Bicycle tires.	Fancy table syrup.	Brewers' grits.	Water proofing.
Rubber shoes.	Table grates.	Husks for battle-ships.	Phosphates.
Corn starch.	Health foods.	Popper adulterant.	Dextrin.
Laundry starch.	Popcorn.	Alcohol.	Paper box glue.
Confectioners' starch.	Healing salve.	Bourbon whiskey.	Buggy tires.
Mucilage.	Several patent medicines.	Brewers' meal.	Rubber sheets.
Corn oil.	British gum.	Frumentum.	Linoleum.
"Pure" olive oil.	Pearl hominy.	Flaked hominy.	Albuminoids.
Filler for oleomargarine.	Hulled corn.	Gum paste.	Calico filler.
Lager beer.	Canned corn.	Vulcanized corn oil.	Elephants' sticks.
Grape sugar.	Canned soaked corn.	Gluten food.	Army ponchos.
Wall paper paste.	Maisena samp.	Brewers' sugar.	Rubber heels.
Gum drops.	Degerminated samp.	Confectioners' paste.	Hot water bags.
Toilet soap.	Cream meal.	Candy.	Cattle food.
Ink.	Flour adulterant.	Rubber erasers.	Gum arabic.
Salted dressing.	Pancake flour.	Corn oil cake.	Stamp stickers.
	Quick malt.		

The possibilities contained within a grain of

corn began to unfold themselves nearly forty years ago, or thirty years after Thomas Kingsford, an English chemist, began to extract starch from the corn grain at New Bergen, N. J. His researches set an example to all the other chemists, and to-day almost all the starch made in the United States is made from corn.

There are four parts to a grain of corn, the outer covering, the hull or ban, then the hard starchy part, then the starch, and last, the little white point which extends through the tip and is called the germ.

The germ is about the size of a grain of wheat and is the most valuable portion, considering its size. Up to a few years ago it was looked upon as useless and was, in fact, a nuisance to the manufacturers of starch and other corn products, it cost them money to get rid of it.

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The size of the grain considered, the principal product of corn is starch. To extract that the corn—shelled, of course—is placed in immense vats with about 1,000 bushels of corn to 8,000 gallons of water, in which there is a small proportion of sulphuric acid to loosen the hull, soften the kernel and release the glutinous matter and free the germ.

After thirty or forty hours the water is withdrawn and evaporated in order to recover any of the grains that may have come with it. In former years this water was wasted. Now the chemists extract from it phosphates and albuminoids amounting to one and one-half pounds to the bushel of corn soaked in it. It is then mixed with the by-products, which sell as cattle feed.

After this the mass left behind by the water is passed through mills and another bath, and the starch remains at the bottom to be dried and sold in its various forms.

These forms consist of the regular laundry, cooking and confectioners' starches, and it can be found in the percentage of 50 to 60 in every can of cheap baking powder. It also stands a good chance of staying in the factory and being turned into grape sugar, brewers' sugar, glucose or dextrin.

Dextrins are gums or pastes. To make a substitute for gum arabic, and a good one, from starch, it is treated with nitric acid and then baked. Dextrin fixes dyes and colors on fabrics, particularly calico, and also is used in making paper boxes and oilcloth, ink, wall paper, for gumming envelopes and stamps or wherever a strong adhesive paste is needed.

Glucose and grape sugar are the greatest derivatives of corn starch. The making of this is a complicated process in which muric acid, carbonate of soda and great pressure enter.